

Beck "Bogusflow"

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Monkey see, monkey die
Laminate your face
And paste it up into the sky
"Cause it's squalid and it's solid and it's
Completely rancid and beautiful
Like a dishrag laying in the street
Uptight beyond belief
Cut a hole in the floor to see
How close to hell we're standing

Got the travelling vitamin c blues
Police lady staring at my shoes
Holy ghost, moldy toast
Riding lamppost
Excitement level zero
Rock the casbah, bring the noise
Pretentious dimensions exploring the boring to the core
Adults with cordless personalities
Running around in new wave bionic jogging suits
(Spoken gimme some of that noise)

California white boy sound
Rocket-powered and nailed into the ground
New age, old age-- completely totally lame
Straight to the middle of the road
Just rewind the tape and play the whole thing
backwards
With the sound completely turned all the way off

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